EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.".....'PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF MURRAY....NO. IV.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

When Murray listened to the words of Potter, above recorded, he was overwhelmed with surprise. "I was astonished," he says, "immeasurably astonished at Mr. Potter's narrative; but yet I had not the smallest idea it ever could be realized. I requested to know what he could discern in my appearance which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher? "What," said he, "could I discern when you were in the vessel, that could induce this conclusion? No, sir; it is not what I *saw*, or *see*, but what I *feel*, which produces in my mind a full conviction." But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are deceived; I never shall preach in this place, nor any where else. "Have you never preached? Can you say you have never preached?" I can not; but I never intend to preach again. "Has not God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you? Has he not shown you his truth?" I trust he has. "And how dare you hide his truth? * * * * If God has shown you his salvation, why should you not show it to your fellow men? But I know that you will; I am sure God Almighty has sent you to us for this purpose. I am not deceived—*I am* SURE *I am not deceived.*

"I was terrified," says Murray, "as the man thus went on. And I began to fear that God, who orders all things after the counsel of his own will, had ordained that thus it should be, and my heart trembled at the idea. I endeavored, however, to banish my own fears, and to silence the warm-hearted man by observing that I was in the place of a supercargo—that property to a large amount had been entrusted to my care; and that the moment the wind changed, I was under the most solemn obligations to depart. Said Potter—"*The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us in that meeting house, a message from God.*" What an unheard-of reliance upon the purposes of God! Wonderful man! his anticipations were all abundantly realized, to the inexpressible joy of his heart.

The effect of this man's perfect assurance that God had sent him to preach the Gospel in the new world, was at first painful to Murray in the extreme. It filled him with astonishment, and with anguish of spirit. On retiring for the night, Murray says—"When I entered my chamber and shut the door, I burst into tears. I would have given the world that I had never left England. I felt as if the hand of God was in the events which had brought me to this place; and I prayed most ardently that God would assist and direct me by his counsel."

The next morning Potter renewed his solicitations for Murray to tarry and preach in his meeting house on the following Sunday. Although it was entirely against his inclinations, his wishes and designs, yet Murray finally yielded a reluctant promise, that he would preach *if the wind did not change.* This satisfied Potter, for he felt perfectly positive the wind would not change, until the stranger whom he believed God had sent to him, had delivered his messsage.

In the mean time Murray was in great labor and agony of mind. To enter public life as a preacher of the Gospel was so opposite to his feelings, and to his purposes in coming to America—so contrary to his ardent desire for retirement and seclusion—than the very thought was painful in the extreme. And yet "an overruling Providence," he says, "seemed to operate in an unusual and remarkable manner. I could not forbear looking back on the mistakes made during our passage, even to the coming in to this particular inlet, where no vessel of the size of the brig "Hand-in-hand" had ever before entered. Every circumstance contributed to bring me to this house. Mr. Potter's address on seeing me; his assurance that he knew I was on board the vessel, when he saw her at a distance—all these considerations pressed with powerful conviction on my mind."

The Sabbath finally came. *The wind had not changed*—and Potter had sent his servants far and near, to notify the inhabitants of the meeting.—They repaired to the meeting-house, and Murray delivered his message from God. Those only who afterwards had the happiness of knowing Murray, can conceive how he must have preached under circumstances so peculiarly exciting. Potter's heart was full of triumphant joy. "He looked up to the pulpit," says Murray, "with eyes sparkling with pleasure. It appeared to him as the fulfilment of a promise long deferred; and he reflected with abundant consolation, on the strong faith which he had cherished. * * * * Tears of transport filled his eyes; he looked round on the people, and every feature seemed to say, "There, what think you now!"

This was the first public discourse Murray ever preached in defence of the salvation of the world. It was undoubtedly an eloquent and soul-stirring production; for few were endowed with higher gifts of oratory and eloquence, than this then young man. And it was unquestionably to these gifts, together with the reasonable, Scriptural, and sublime system of doctrines, he proclaimed, that he was indebted under Providence for the unparalleled success which accompanied him throughout his whole career in the ministry of reconcilation.

When the services were over the warm-hearted Potter was in ecstacies. The ensuing scene is thus described by Murray. "When I returned to his house, he caught me in his arms, exclaiming, "Now, now, I am willing to depart, oh, my God! I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my desire. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it until now. I *knew* that God, who put it into my heart to build a house for his worship, would send a servant of his own to proclaim his own Gospel. *I knew he would!!* I knew the time was come when I saw the vessel grounded. I knew *that you were the man* when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy." Visitors poured into the house; he took each by the hand —"This is the happiest day in my life," said the transported man—"there, neighbors, there is the minister *God promised to send me;* how do you like God's minister?"

Murray himself was greatly affected as well as astonished, at the singular career which Providence seemed so mysteriously to open before him. "I ran," he says, "from the company, and prostrating myself before the throne of grace, besought my God to take me, and to do with me whatever he pleased. I am, said I, O Lord God, in thine hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. If thou, in thy Providence hast brought me into this new world to make known unto this people the grace and the blessings of the new covenant—if thou hast thought proper by making choice of so weak an instrument to confound the wise—if thou hast been pleased to show to a babe, possessing neither wisdom nor prudence, what thou has hid from the wise and prudent—be it so, O Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"

And so it did seem good in the sight of God! From that hour John Murray became an open, bold, eloquent, and eminently successful preacher of the Gospel of Universal Reconciliation. He threw himself upon God as his protector, and for forty-five years proclaimed that Gospel in the midst of storms of opposition and persecution, of almost every conceivable description. But his Protector carried him through all in safety, and prolonging his life to a good old age, enabled him to die at last in calmness and peace. He died while pastor of the First Universalist Society in Boston, on Sunday morning, September 3d, 1815, aged 74 years. His last words were full of the inspirations of his glorious faith—"To him shall the gathering of the people be, and his rest shall be *glorious*, GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS. I am blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. Nor I alone; Jesus Christ hath tasted death for every man."

Such are some of the singular events connected with the first establishment of the denomination of Universalists in America. When we take all the connecting circumstances into view—when we remember the trials through which Murray was called to pass in England, designedly as it would seem, to direct his attention to America and prepare him for the great work in which he was here to be called to engage—when we recall the singular accidents, disappointments, and frustrations of his purposes and expectations, which so frequently and strangely met him, and turned him in directions entirely different from what he designed to go and all of which combined to bring him into the obscure and out-of-the way place of Good Luck, and to the house of Potter—when we recollect the wonderful presentiment of the warm hearted Potter, that God would assuredly send a minister, who should proclaim a new doctrine, and one in which his soul should delight—when we pass in review the reluctance of Murray to preach and to enter a public career, so opposite the purpose that led him to America, and realize that probably no other man but Potter, and no other circumstances but such as surrounded him at Good Luck, could possibly have induced him to commence the life of a preacher—and then when we look around and behold the results of this marvellous and unheard of combination of events, even the establishment of a new Christian Denomination, which in a little more than half a century, has become the *fifth* in size in our country, numbering 600 preachers, over 900 Societies, and at least 150,000 believers—when these things are passed in review, who can fail to see the hand of Providence clearly revealed? Who can doubt that the Divine Being ordered this marvellous concatenation of events, for the express purpose of raising up a sect who should present to the world the purer, brighter, and more valuable features of the Gospel, which for ages had been hid from mankind, and of appealing to higher and nobler principles of human nature, in efforts to turn man from sin and error? Let others believe, if they will, that these things were the effects of *chance!* I can plainly see in them the workings of infinite and unerring Wisdom. I can behold by the same Hand which raised up a Moses, a Paul, a Luther, also engaged in raising up a Murray, and sending him to a New World to proclaim the fulness of the salvation of Christ!

In conclusion, I would recommend the "Life of Murray" to all who have never perused it. It not only gives an account of the numerous obstacles which had to be encountered by the first advocates and professors of Universalism in America, but is full of detail and adventure, as exciting and interesting as the most romantic work of the present day.

False friendship, like the ivy decays and ruins the wall it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the subject it supports.

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1843.

VALEDICTORY.

The difference between my past and my future relations to the paper, must be so very slight to the reader, however great it may be to myself, that I long hesitated to write any valedictory. For months to come, I shall probably *write* as much for its columns as ever—the only difference will be in labors, the results of which, are seldom noticed by the reader; and which in this case will be so well performed by my successor, that I doubt not mine will never be missed.

But from henceforth I no longer have the care and direction of the paper—its character will no longer be moulded, and measurably formed, by me—the responsibility for what it contains, or for rejecting aught from its columns, will no longer rest on my mind and conscience. This—*this* is the greatest care, the most arduous portion of editorial life—and my release from this may well call forth some valedictory remarks.

I have always felt willing to abide the judgment that might be passed on my labors as an Editor during the years 1836 and 1837; for then I had (supposedly, at least,) very nearly all the means I needed for the employment of assistance in editing, and for procuring *numerous* good correspondents, and employing them on such special subjects as I deemed most interesting and valuable to our readers. I lacked only a little more cash, leisure and experience to have made the paper all I think it should be. But since then, I have waded through many most trying difficulties—all I was able to make by editing and preaching, and keeping boarders, became transformed into charges against subscribers and others who seem never to think of paying what they owe—and my partner and myself floated down, *down* even to bankruptcy in fact, if not in form! My thoughts, and feelings, and energies, were thus forcibly drawn aside to subjects and employments very ungenial and unfavorable to my success as an Editor—and my means became more and more limited and deficient, even to exhaustion, until, for years past, I have been dependant almost on *charity* for the aid received from my co-editors and our numerous correspondents. And though they have done nobly for me—far, *far* more than I dared to ask, or had any reason to expect—yet still, I could not do all I wished, or get all I wanted. Since then no proprietor of the paper could afford to engage persons to furnish such valuable articles as we furnished in the articles on Episcopalianism, Voice to Youth, Voice to the Married, Difficulties of Infidelity Removed, and the Law of Kindness—the last four of which continue to be published in the *book* form, as valuable and standard works. Indeed, I could not, even in regard to myself, write *as*, nor *what*, I wished much to write; for often I had not leisure, and my mind was not always under my own control—other duties, cares and perplexities, demanded too much of my thoughts and exertions. It is for these and similar reasons that I feel justified in asking the public to be lenient toward me on account of the numerous errors and failures I have undoubtedly committed from these untoward causes alone.

But there are cases of a different kind from those, where it becomes me humbly to confess my faults and ask forgiveness. I have generally endeavored to cause the paper to breathe a truly Christian spirit—to strive for the peace, and harmony, and unity of the denomination in all things essential; and to urge a charitable, tolerant, liberality in those things in which we differ—to keep out all merely personal squabbles and difficulties, which always grow worse the more they are indulged, and become only the more unforgivable by being made public—and to prevent all undue and unnecessary agitation of mere measures of expediency or cases of discipline, to the increased difficulty of settling them, because the parties became thus more excited, and the public mind biassed. Thus have I generally endeavored—but on looking back over my course, (as I frequently have done in passing over it,) I behold too many cases where warm feelings outran the dictates of cool reason; and where my judgment formed from seeing only a part of the subject, led me to act very injudiciously. In other cases, also, I have written in too much haste, and under the impulse of excited feelings, and therefore have violated the spirit of peace or propriety, or went beyond what Christian indignation and justice demanded. I most heartily have regretted these instances, and if there are any whom I have thus injured and not yet apologized to them, I now solicit their forgiveness, and hope the readers will forget those manifestations of my infirmities of mind and temper.

With these occasional exceptions, I can truly say that I have endeavored faithfully to do unto others as I would be done by—to teach plainly and clearly the great truths of Christianity—to be as liberal in regard to those opinions and practices held by brethren, from which I dissented, as I asked them to be in regard to *my* peculiarities of religious faith and practice—to urge a union of zeal and effort among Universalists in those things wherein *all are agreed*, rather than to contend with each other, and waste time in endeavoring to convert the world to the belief and practice of those things in which we differ—and to exhibit in a practical manner the spirit and precepts of our faith, to our readers and the world. I wish I had been *more* earnest and persevering in these things than I have been—that I had more frequently addressed our *societies* on their duties *as societies;* and our readers, on their obligations to God, to the world, to *their preachers*, and *to each other, as members* of the Universalist denomination. And this I will yet do, if God permit. In short, with the exceptions named, I have endeavored to be honest, conscientious and faithful as an Editor, whether the parties concerned applauded, or censured, my acts or my motives. And I believe I can truly say, that I have borne and suffered more wrong than I have resented—avoided and suppressed more quarrels and difficulties than I have engendered or fanned into a flame—given more in money, time and labor, than I have received pay for—endured more from the neglect of subscribers, than I have ever caused them to endure for my neglect—and received more favors from the Editors of our various periodicals, and my co-editors and our numerous excellent correspondents (God bless them!) than I can ever repay. I part from all in good will—and forgive those who have injured me in any way, as I hope to be forgiven. And thus, after five years of pretty constant labor as Assistant Editor of this paper while owned by Br. Skinner; and eight years of severe toil and cares as its principal Editor, I become its contributing Editor only; and as its Editor in chief I bid its subscribers and readers an affectionate *Farewell*.

A. B. Grosh.

A WORD TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

"Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf." Job xxxvi: 2.

Brethren, Patrons of the Magazine and Advocate, with many of you I have been long and intimately acquainted, having held weekly intercourse with you for many years through the columns of this paper, and shared with you in all the joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, connected with the prosperity and adversity of the cause which we espouse. For eleven years, I was a constant editor, and several of those years the sole editor of this paper. I began in the comparative infancy of our cause in this State, in the midst of persecution, "in much patience and tribulation," with a patronage of only 200 or 300 subscribers, with prospects gloomy and dark enough in every respect but the goodness of the cause.

We have together witnessed the gradual increase of patronage, the uprising of numerous friends, the spread of truth, the extension of a more enlightened devotion, and the diffusion of a more ample charity. For the last three years that I published this paper and the succeeding four years, while published by Messrs. Grosh and Hutchinson, the average weekly circulation was *seven thousands*, while tens of thousands of readers read weekly the contents of its pages, and doubtless scores of thousands were added to the number of believers.

But about the close of that period (1839) a change, a sad change came over this whole community, this whole country, in the monetary derangements and pecuniary embarrassments which many of us have since but too well known and felt. And though the number of believers in the great and glorious truths we advocate has evidently not diminished, yet the patronage of this paper was most sensibly affected. It commenced decreasing in the ratio of its former increase, and has diminished to *less than half* its former numbers; thereby materially and greatly curtailing its usefulness, and most seriously embarrassing its present young and worthy publishers. The cause producing this diminished circulation, has occasioned the total loss of many thousands of dollars justly due to the former and present publishers, and compelled the present proprietors at last to the adoption of the *exclusively cash system*, of *no pay, no paper*. This is at present their only safe course. And I am truly glad to find the plan so generally, nay I may say, so universally approved by all their honest and honorable patrons.

The monetary derangements and pecuniary embarrassments that have been so severely felt for a few years past, have begun to subside: and we trust, that, by the economy and persevering industry of the community, they will soon be entirely gone. Prosperity is surely, though slowly returning. With the returning prosperity of the country, I hope to see the prosperity of this paper fully restored—to see it circulate as widely, yea, still more extensively than it ever did during its palmiest days—to see its worthy publishers fully and amply rewarded for all their sacrifices and persevering toil—and especially to see the cause its pages advocate triumphantly spreading wider and yet wider, shedding the halo of its glory over every city and village, every town and hamlet, every hill and valley, along every stream and lake, every ocean and river, among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young; carrying light to the benighted, consolation to the afflicted, knowledge to the ignorant, reproof to the sinner, encouragement to the virtuous, faith to the wavering, hope to the desponding, and charity to the illiberal; pulling down the strong holds of error and delusion, and to see the ample folds of its broad banner waving triumphantly over every citadel of darkness.

To this glorious end would I invite all of my old friends and patrons, once more to put their shoulders to the wheel and their hands to the work, and see what an impetus they can give to the good work at the commencement of the coming year. Each one can do something—some can procure a dozen new subscribers, some half a dozen, and nearly every one can procure at least one additional subscriber, and get the Post Master to send on the names and remittances.—Brethren, I shall be with you, another year, God willing; and our venerable Br. S. R. Smith, my former, faithful and tried co-laborer in these columns, will be with you; and a number of other brethren, strong, tried and faithful will be with you. Shall we write in vain? Shall we speak to the winds, to vacancy, or to only a few scattering subscribers? or shall we speak to tens of thousands, and have the encouragement that "by our voice we may edify others," and spread the knowledge of the truth over the whole length and breadth of our happy country? Take at once the prospectus or the paper, go with it to your neighbor, ask him to subscribe and become one of the patrons of this old *soldier* and *Advocate* of liberal Christianity, of truth and righteousness, and I pledge my self to use my best efforts to prevent him from saying at the end of the year that he has not got the worth of his money.

My health, which for several years was so impaired that I could not write much, or confine myself to sedentatory habits, or speak in public, without injury, is now so far restored that I think I can safely promise to address you frequently hereafter in these columns. I have moreover some things to say to you which I trust will neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable. Therefore, in the language of Elihu, "suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf."

D. Skinner.

TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.....NO. V.

Br. Grosh:—In my last, I took rather short leave of Wiskonsan, and find that I overlooked many particulars which might be considered important. You will therefore allow me to go back for a space, and bring to the notice of your readers some items of historical information relative to the "North-Western Territory." This section of country, lying and being west of the great Lakes, was discovered and explored by some French Missionaries from Canada, between the years 1660 and 1680. In 1672, two of their number set out to carry the cross and establish posts throughout the whole length of this vast territory, inhabited only by savages, and undisturbed as yet by the sounds of approaching civilization. Upon the Milwaukee they found the Kickapoos, and farther down on Lake Michigan, the Miamis, and west, across a broad belt of prairie, and on the Fox river, the Foxes. Deriving assistance from these tribes, and being joined by others from Canada of their own countrymen, they continued their tour of exploration to the Mississippi, or Great River, passing down the Wiskonsan, a broad stream with green islands, and skirted by the most beautiful scenery. Reaching the Mississippi the 17th of June, 1773, they passed on to the mouth of the Missouri, and thence to the mouth of the Ohio, and from thence into the country south, making the acquaintance of many tribes, to whom a "Pale Face" was before unknown, and leaving with them some knowledge of the Gospel, which is retained by their descendants even to this day.

By the assistance of the French Government, Missionary stations and Forts were erected in various parts of what is now known as Wiskonsan and Illinois; and every possible pains taken, by a few devoted men, to christianize and enlighten the rude and untutored sons of the forest. But to them and with them this vast country seems to have been left; and the wars, which were of such long continuance, withdrew attention from it; and a long interval elapsed ere the steps of the white man were attracted thitherward, save to barter with the Indian. It was not until within a few years past, that its excellence and resources became known, and that its settlement was attempted. Now, however, it is rapidly filling up, by a hardy, industrious, enterprising, and intelligent population; the light of civilization has broken in upon the untrodden wilderness, and where once the Red Man dwelt and the wild beast prowled, goes up the busy hum of industry, and the sweet, solemn hymn of the Sabbath worshipper. Villages have sprung up in the very depths of the forest, partaking of all the refinements and elegances of our Eastern towns; and upon those vast inland seas which form the eastern boundary of this beautiful country, commerce unfurls her sails, to bear to foreign markets the fruits of its rich and productive soil.

You may suppose me now, if you please at 2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 12, on board the steam packet Madison, bound for Buffalo. The wind at this time was blowing fresh from the northeast, against which and a heavy sea, we were obliged to make our way. Our progress was therefore necessarily slow—say from four to five miles an hour. On Thursday night, the wind increased to a perfect gale, attended by rain and hail. We were now on lake Huron. At times the waters seemed heaved up, as if by some mighty hand, from their very foundations, lifting us up a hundred feet, and then plunging down into the depths below. There was something grand and awful in the scene! The waves were running this while as high as the wheelhouse, and dashing every few minutes over the hurricane deck. But on our noble vessel went, battling its way through the storm, and cleaving for itself a path through the opposing seas.

There were not more than one hundred passengers, and the most of these were sick in their rooms. We could count, for three days, no more than twenty at the table, either morning, noon, or night. And those twenty made sad work at eating—they spilt their coffee in their attempts to drink it—(what had not been spilt by the waiters on their heads)—they thrust forks into their faces, and fastened upon their fingers, while the bread they contained stuck fast in the throat. And then to get to and from table—that was *sorrier* still. Such pitching and staggering, such tumbling and bracing, such jostling and knocking of heads, was altogether laughable, had we been in a laughing mood. As it was, we felt like saying with the *yankee*—"I b'lieve I'll go ashore!"

Our passage was a rough one all through. Scarcely had we entered Lake Erie, ere we encountered a furious storm; but the wind being in our favor, we dashed along over the "mountain wave" at a rapid rate. We entered the harbor at Buffalo about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, having been five days in performing the trip from Milwaukee. Glad was I to step once more upon the soil of the Empire State, and to think that but a solitary three hundred miles was between me and my home, and that that distance could be passed over in a few hours. I reached this village Monday night, Sept. 19, having been absent five weeks, and travelling within that time nearly three thousand miles. I now make my bow to your readers, and thus ends the "Tour of the Upper Lakes."

A. C. B.

A HARD CASE—CONFESSION.

Some brethren in the Black River Association are punishing with discontinuances, the *proprietors* of this paper, for what they deem *my* wrong-doing; (I believe my *only* offence, my *first* error, of which they complain!)—and that, too, just as I am leaving the editorial charge! This is rather a *vicarious* mode of punishing for *Universalists* to be engaged in. However, every one to his own mode of doing his own business, in a free country!

My offence consisted in the following. The Black River Association published some proceedings in a long continued and complicated case of discipline reflecting severely on a ministering brother and the Committee of discipline, both of the St. Lawrence Association; which proceedings the B. R. A. intends bringing up in an appeal to the next State Convention. Those proceedings so far as that case is concerned were not published I believe either by Br. Price, or in the Luminary; and Br. Hammond in the latter paper, even censured the B. R. A. for publishing the brother *as guilty, before he was tried.* We published their whole proceedings. The Committee of discipline of the St L. A., believing themselves, and their Association and preacher wronged, demanded the privilege of replying; which we granted. The Committee of the B. R. A., deeming themselves aggrieved by said reply, sent in a rejoinder. On looking over it I thought (and yet think) that it was in some particulars irrelevant, in others left the public for private matters, and in others introduced entire new matters. These needless matters (as I deemed them) would, I supposed, call for a reply from the St. L. A. Committee, still more long and severe—and *that* would call forth a yet longer and angrier one from the B. R. A. Committee; and so on, *ad infinitum* until our columns were burdened with it, to the disgust of our readers, to the increased enmity of the parties and their special friends, to the multiplying of difficulties in getting a fair and candid decision of the case, and to the injury of our cause, the shame of our friends, and the exultation of our foes. There must be a stop put to the endless controversy sometime, and by excluding some article. The B. R. A. Committee did not deem their article any out of the way, and refused to alter or omit any part of it, and *I therefore rejected it.* This refusal of mine, is my offence, which is now being visited in a few discontinuances on Messrs. Grosh and Walker.

Now I am willing to confess, and *do* freely confess, that I erred greatly in that affair—not wilfully, or from bad motives, or partial feelings; but from a wrong judgment. But my error was not in *refusing to publish the last article*—it was *in publishing the first*, the proceedings of the B. R. Association relating to the case. *That* was the *beginning* of what *would have been* a long, complicated, angry and extremely injurious controversy, had I not stopped it. Br. Price did not publish that part—Br. Hammond did not, and even censured it; and I believe they are not punished with discontinuances. I erred, then—but not *as charged;*—and should (perhaps!) be punished for my well-meant error—but not by those who are inflicting it, nor yet in the person of a *proxy.* I do not believe in *vicarious atonement*, and demand, therefore, that I may be punished, if at all, in my own person, property, or reputation, especially by *Universalists!* I have said.

A. B. G.

IMPORTANT, BECAUSE TRUE.

To agents or friends who use their exertions to collect and forward money for subscribers, we would say, that they will be allowed for what they do, according to our new terms, for the subscriptions of those who have taken the paper as well as those who have not, for all are *new* subscribers under the new arrangement.

Many complain that $1.50 can not be sent by mail free of postage. We say it *can*, provided the Post Master does not take a large fool's cap sheet for his letter so as to make the package weigh 3-4 of an ounce.

The above complaints need *never* be made even if $1.50 could not be sent, for *one* dollar *can* be sent, which will pay for the paper 8 months, and then another dollar can be sent, and so on.

We shall discontinue all who have not paid, except those for whom a responsible agent has vouched to settle, in a short time. We shall continue however to print about the usual number of copies for 2 or 3 weeks, so as to be able to supply new subscribers from the commencement of the Volume, as well as old ones who may have paid an agent, but who has not been able to make his returns by the time the first No. is issued.

We shall hereafter send receipts to subscribers, or to the agent who sends money for them, in their or his paper, instead of noticing receipts by initials in the old way, through the paper. Although this will make us extra labor, it will show the subscriber how his account stands, and thus avoid misunderstanding.

A few questions, and we are done.—Who, (if he can not collect and forward to us the pay for six subscribers $9.00 and thereby get his own copy for his trouble) will not obtain at least *one* subscriber and send us $3.00?

Who, if he can not obtain even one subscriber, does not want the paper enough to get his Post Master to forward one dollar for him, if he can spare no more, and thus continue to lend us *his support?*

Who, that will *wait* for an agent to call on him, and thus suffer his paper to be stopped, when he can step into the Post Office and get the Post Master to forward his subscription, and thus be in season for the next volume?

Errata.—Br. Lee's last Sermon on Prayer contained several errors which we desire to correct. The manuscript was evidently written in haste, and therefore some words were difficult to make out. It was delayed until a busy season, the close of the volume, when mistakes are more apt to occur. But the proof was carefully read, *twice.* The following are the errors.

Column 3, line 23, for "eternal *night*," read "eternal weight." Column 3, line 13 from the bottom, for "*self* devotion," read "soul-felt devotion." Column 5, line 8, for "*revised* and perpetuated," read "*revived* and perpetuated." Column 5, line 26 from bottom, for "*things*," read "theirs"—and line 22 from bottom, for "two," read "too." Column 6, line 9, for "*and* increase" read "*an* increase." This last error was in the *copy*.

A. B. G.

Will those subscribers who are yet owing for the Magazine for this and past years, in Canton and vicinity, have the kindness to pay their dues to Br. Z. N. Ellis, of that place, so that he may be enabled to make his returns to us as early as possible. Br. Ellis has long acted as our agent, and for his exertions in our behalf we tender him our sincere thanks. Br. W. H. Waggoner by mutual arrangement, will hereafter act as our agent in Canton and vicinity, and will transact business with regard to the paper for us. We should be glad to have Br. Ellis continue to do what he can for us consistently.

Will agents make returns of what they do as soon as possible so as to cause us the least possible trouble in regulating our lists, &c. Also subscribers who attend to sending their subscriptions themselves will confer a favor by doing so *early*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIAN ACTION. NO. II.

FASHIONABLE, CRITICAL AND HYPOCRITICAL HEARERS.

3. Another class may be denominated *fashionable hearers.* I mean those who attend church to see and be seen—to exhibit a new coat or a new shawl—to attract attention by some article of dress, or to observe and criticise the garb of others. Such will be better able to tell you on their return from church, how such and such an one was dressed—the color of this bonnet, or the *set* of that cape, than what was the subject of discourse, or what spiritual lesson was taught. They may be pleased with the speaker if he was fashionably dressed; and his deportment be squared by fashionable rules; and if in addition to this, he possess a fine voice, and is graceful in his style and manner, and introduces flights of poetry and flourishes of oratory into his discourses, they may ever be delighted with him; but the naked, solemn truths of God are unnoticed, and the heart unimpressed with their reality and importance. And when they recross the threshold of the sanctury, it is not with the prayer that the divine blessing may attend their efforts to act agreeably to the lessons of wisdom imparted; nor with the firm resolve that the heart's best affections shall be laid on religion's altar, an acceptable offering to the living God. Earth and vanity mingle with their thoughts; as though the fleeting, perishable things of this world, were the only sources of pure and permanent enjoyment.

4. Another class may be denominated *critical hearers* —those who attend church—not for religious improvement—not to pay their vows and offerings unto the Lord—not to seek the blessing of God in their humble endeavors to serve him; but to criticise and find fault. This preacher, with them, is too young, or that one is too old. This one has too rapid an utterance, and that one speaks too slow. Such a prayer was too long, and another one was not *feeling* enough. A certain gesture was very awkward, and a certain word was not rendered sufficiently emphatic. This sentiment was too liberal, and that point was not dwelt long enough upon.—The morning discourse was too doctrinal, and that of the afternoon was not delivered with sufficient energy.—And so on to the end of a long catalogue of faults—every thing almost seems to be wrong, or imperfect, or inappropriate.

Such individuals do not listen to the speaker's communications for the purpose of receiving instruction, but to gather subjects on which to exercise their critical powers, to the further cultivation of a fault-finding disposition. And thus every thing that is said or done, is doomed to pass through a fiery ordeal at their hands; and though strictly speaking they may have no evil intentions or designs, yet they serve to unsettle the minds of many, to beget feelings of indifference, to alienate the affections of the people from their preacher, and to inflict deep and lasting wounds on the cause, which they perhaps profess to love. They are unprofited themselves by any thing they may have heard, and in many instances are instrumental in erasing the good impressions made on the hearts of others.

5. Another class may be denominated *hypocritical hearers.* These will assemble in the house of God on the Sabbath, because they have some object to promote, or some scheme to advance by so doing. They care nothing, or but little, for the worship of Jehovah—they have no thoughts or aspirations that go upward to the Eternal throne; and though they seem to unite in the exercises of devotion, yet it is all a mockery and an abomination in the sight of God.

An individual of this class, who has some personal and private ends to attain, will seem to pay the most marked attention to whatever is being advanced by the speaker, will smile occasionally and nod an approval of some remark, and will appear much affected when a warm and fervent appeal is made to the sympathies, or some strong feeling in the human soul; and as he goes from the house he will be heard to remark to Deacon A., or B.—"What an excellent sermon your preacher has given us! I really think him as talented and eloquent a man as I ever heard; and you may put me down as a regular attendant upon his ministry." But this is only an empty form of words, and from beginning to end he has been acting the base and detestable part of the hypocrite. For he soon meets with an acquaintance of his, and a member of another church, who says to him, "You did not attend to day at our house." "No," he says, "I went to hear Mr. A., and really I never was so disappointed in my life—he is decidedly the *flatest* preacher we have in the place, and I have about made up my mind that I will never hear him again."

Such is the hypocritical hearer. His sentiments, if he has any, he keeps concealed—his true feelings are disguised, and his principles masked, for fear of injuring his popularity and high standing, or of being defeated in his designs and purposes. And hence, while he is listening with much apparent interest to the instructions of the sacred desk, he is perhaps framing an excuse with which to meet his neighbor who is a member of another church; or revolving in his mind the probable results of this line of conduct he is pursuing. And if truth should find its way to his heart, and search its innermost depths, and leave its burning impressions there, he will resist the demands of an awakened conscience, and maintain still the character of a hypocrite in the sight of God.

UNFAITHFUL HEARERS.

6. Another class may be denominated *unfaithful hearers.* I now mean those who visit the sanctuary with good intentions—who take a deep interest in all its services, and who have really a desire to be profited by the preached word. They listen attentively to the instructions drawn from the Bible, and at times are made to feel deeply; and when shown the obligations they are under to God and their fellow-men, and are presented with the demands that truth and Heaven have upon their bodies and souls, they determine within themselves that they will go forth to the toils of their mission—that they will yield obedience to the principles and requirements of the Gospel, and fearlessly and fully discharge every moral obligation. This is there firm resolve—that they will no more yield their hearts to the seductions of the world; but will be faithful to the cause they have espoused—faithful to themselves, to the Saviour who redeemed them, and the God who has cherished them as the creatures of his care. And for a season, perhaps, they are so; but after a little time, and in some cases as soon as they come in contact with the world, they lose the impressions they had received, and fail in their most determined resolves. And thus they will be alternately hot and cold. They will form determinations in the house of God to be forgotten in an hour after they cross its threshold; and resolve upon doing their duty only to fail and resolve again. They are drawn away and enticed by worldly allurements, and the vows they have plighted at Heaven's altar, are flung idly away. They accomplish nothing—neither advance their own spiritual interests, nor better the condition of humanity. Their goodness is as the early cloud and the morning dew, it soon passes away. The work they commence is stopped short in the beginning, and from making one or two efforts, they will turn around and fold their hands, and sit down to dream, until they shall again be aroused to activity and renewed toil.

I have now introduced six classes of hearers—the careless, the wordly; the fashionable, the critical, the hypocritical, and the unfaithful. Such, it will be borne in mind are hearers only; and most miserably deceived they are. Blind to their own true interests, and ignorant of the direction in which enjoyment lies, they are keeping back from duty, and trifling with the sacred things of God. The commands, and exhortations, and injunctions of the divine word are faithfully proclaimed, illustrated and enforced, and yet they heed them not, as though they were unimportant and might be slighted with impunity. What fatal self-deception is this! For the time will come, when they will look back in sorrow, and regret that they had not been obedient to the teachings of former days, and devoted their lives to Christ and his cause.

"Be ye, therefore *doers* of the word, and not *hearers* only." Let you hearts and hands be engaged in the duties and callings of a religious life, for it is only in obedience to God that you can find the happiness you seek. Disobey him, and you find trouble and sorrow. You can not do it and have peace. You may conceal your sin from every human being but yourself. The darkness of midnight may hide it, or thick stone walls may enclose it, but a voice will speak unto your souls as it spoke unto Cain, and you will bear about with you a greater punishment than the arm of human justice could inflict!

May the blessing of God so attend your efforts to serve him, that living, you may live the life of the righteous; and dying, your last end be like his. A. C. B.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

During my absence from home—twice, several weeks each time—and my illness after my return, and the indolence caused by so long a resting spell from hard editorial labor, (I am determined to have excuses enough, and thus prove myself good at *one* thing, if at no other!) a number of items have accumulated on my table which I shall be entirely unable to notice before the close of the present volume, unless I lump them up in the manner storekeepers do their small particles in making out their bills at the close of the year. The first lumping bill we will attend to, shall be books and papers.

"*The Rush Light*"—a new Child's paper—is published in St. Charles, Ills., by Br. William Rounsevlle. It is a quarto (8 pages) of common octavo sized page, and will be published semi-monthly, at 50 cents per annum, or 10 copies for $4.50 if sent to one address.

"*The Universalist Quarterly and General Review*"—commences the volume with next month. We hope all our laymen who can spare two dollars, for real, solid, useful reading will not wait for our promised further notice of this excellent work; (for we have not time and room to give it in season;) but will send off to A. Tompkins forthwith, and review the work for themselves.

"*The Universalist Union,*" (the octavo form of,) and "*The Christian Messenger*" (folio) commenced new volumes several weeks ago, and have not yet been noticed by us! The oversight was not intentional, however. This is an excellent paper—well filled with useful and interesting matter—and ably edited by Brs. P. Price, T. J. Sawyer, C. F. Lefevre, and Mrs. C. M. Sawyer—the latter edits the Youth's Department. It is published by C. L. Stickney, Proprietor—weekly—at $2. per annum for the Messenger, and $2.50 for the Union form—*Cash,* of course; for the custom of giving credit, for newspapers, gave Br. Price, its former proprietor, some ten thousand dollars of uncollectable accounts for all he was worth in the world, and nearly shipwrecked the paper. He still has some interest in the paper, so that he can be helped, by those who wish to do so, by taking the paper he edits.

DEBTORS TO GROSH AND HUTCHINSON.

One half the amount you owe, if paid as you should do, would enable me to pay every cent I owe, legally or morally, and leave a little to compensate me in part for what we have suffered by your delinquency. Some borrowed money which we owe, and for which we ask no release from our creditors, must be paid out of what you owe us, or from our future toil. Will you not pay us, and so release us at least from these debts, which bear heavily on my mind? Consider the case well—and send in the money to Grosh and Walker who hold our books, and are authorized to receive the money, and receipt it.

*** Will not agents who *can,* use their influence to get us a little of the much that is owing us? This is probably my last appeal to you. A. B. GROSH.

P. S. Persons who owe me *individually,* will see that I have use for my money. Will they not pay me soon? I want to pay my debts as soon and as fast as I can.